

The most lamentable Tragedie

And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminat strange plots of diere Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.

Titus. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my study be to no effect.
You are deceau'd, for what I meane to doe,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe.
And what is written shall be executed.

Tamora. *Titus,* I am come to talke with thee.

Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thon hast the ods of me therefore no more. (me.

Tamora. If thou didst knowe me thou wouldst talke with

Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Wi nes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
Witnes these trenchers made by grieve and care,
Witnes the tiring day and heauy night,
Witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand.

Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
Shee is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on thy foes:

Come

of Titus Andronicus

Come downe and welcome me
Conferre with me of murder and
There's not a hollow Caue or
No vast obscurity or misty vale
Where bloody murth' or detest
Can couch for feare but I will
And in their eares tell them my
Reuenge which makes the fou

Titus. Art thou Reuenge?
To be a torment to thine enem

Tamora. I am, therefore con

Titus. Doe me some seruice
Loe by thy side where Rape an
Now giue some surance that th
Stab them, or teare them on thy
And then ile come and be thy
And whirle along with thee ab
Prouide thee two proper Palfri
To hale thy vengefull Waggon
And finde out murder in their g
And when thy Car is loaden w
I will dismount, and by the Wa
Trot like a seruile footeman all
Euen from *Epeons* rising in the
Vntill his very downfall in the S
And day by day ile doe this hea
So thou destroy Rapine and M

Tamora. These are my minist

Titus. Are them thy minister

Tamora. Rape and Murder,
Cause they take vengeance of th

Titus. Good Lord how like t
And you the Empresse, but we
Haue miserable mad mistaking